

ravine, approached on both sides by a gradually increasing slope, appeared before us. Here I was perfectly assured the wicked young devils would make another trial of their speed, however I said nothing to the man, beyond telling him that my boy and myself would get out and lighten the sleigh, which had to cross a bridge and ascend the opposite bank, while he drove the horses. I cautioned him to keep a tight rein on them, and to place himself in such a position that their heels—should they be inclined to kick—might not reach him. Away he drove, and, as I anticipated, the animals had no sooner attained the downward inclination, when they rushed onward as if the devil himself, instead of the sleigh, had been at their heels. Out flew one or two packages, and so certain did I feel of the total destruction of the sleigh and its contents, that I turned my back upon the scene, determined not to witness the mischief that should be done. Jean Baptiste was no doubt rather startled by this unexpected outbreak, but he kept his seat manfully, and when, a few minutes afterwards, I heard my tiger exclaim delightfully that every thing was right, and that the Frenchman was ascending the hill with the horses at a trot, I turned again and rejoiced to see that it was the case. Of course we were not long in getting to the brow of the opposite bank, where he had now stopped, waiting for us to come up. At a couple of hundred yards beyond, was the auberge at which travellers usually bait their horses before getting on the Ottawa on their way to the Cascades, and here we passed half an hour until our horses had eaten their oats.

While they were thus occupied, I examined the descent to the ice, and found that, although exceedingly abrupt, it was little more than the length of the sleigh; however, well knowing from my experience of the past, that if the splinter-bar should touch their heels, the excited ponies would again start off at their speed, I directed the Canadian to place one or two rails across the descent, in order that the runners might drag as they went over them. This was done, and, when everything was prepared, off we started, my new friend in the front, and holding the reins. And well it was that I had taken the precaution, despite of the careful placing of the rails as a drag, to take him part of the way on the ice. Unchecked by the obstacles which had been placed in its way, the sleigh, in its descent, again touched the sensitive heels of the ponies, which, finding themselves on the open field of smooth ice, and seemingly breathing renewed freedom, carried us at their fullest speed for upwards of a mile before the driver could succeed in reining them in. This at length done, however, they were now quite enough, so that I was enabled to dispense with the further services of my guide, who, having received the stipulated sum, left me on his return home, with a good-natured "Bon voyage, monsieur," which, however, I fancy he did not anticipate would be as good as it subsequently proved.

Although my left arm continued to be so painful as to render the hand for the moment unserviceable, the remainder of the day passed over without further accident, and about nine o'clock I reached the hospitable dwelling of Mr. Simpson, (the father-in-law of Mr. Roebuck the present member for Bath,) at Coteau du Lac—a distance, as I have already remarked, of forty-nine miles from Montreal. This certainly, considering the long chapters of disasters which had attended me during the day's journey, was not so very bad travelling after all. My arrival had been expected some hours earlier, but none were prepared to see me in the character in which I now presented myself—that of a comparative cripple. The inflammation of the limb had been greatly increased by excitement and fatigue, and I now suffered so much that I was glad to get my clothes off at an early hour, and to seek relief in bed. To this I was eight and forty hours confined, and the severity of the hurt may be judged of from the fact that, during the first night, I could not rise or turn in my bed. On the following morning Mr. Simpson proposed, as there was no regular practitioner in the neighborhood, to send for a man self-taught in anatomy, who was proverbial for his successful treatment of bruises of this description; and who, although he had not received the least education, and consequently was without professional knowledge beyond what he had himself studied in the great book of nature, evinced as much acquaintance with the human frame as if he had served half a life's apprenticeship at Guy's or Saint Thomas'. This character of the old Canadian, as given to me by my host at the time of making his proposal, excited my interest. I assented, not so much because I placed reliance on his skill, as that I felt curious to see how he would proceed in his vocation. A messenger was forthwith despatched on horseback, (one of the Roebuck's being kind enough to undertake to find the man of simples,) and in the course of the morning he made his appearance. He was a venerable looking man, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, without any of that forwardness or pretension which are so common to the medical empiric; and notwithstanding his bronzed cheek was marked by hard lines, there was an expression of quiet benevolence on his countenance, which insensibly won on the attention. His dress was a gray capot, surmounted by a hood of the same material (Canadian cloth), and his waist was encircled with a sash such as is worn by the habitants also. He calmly approached and

evaluating me, uncovered the arm,—he then sought with his long, bony, dark and shrivelled fingers the various nerves and muscles, and at length after a good deal of the usual handling, pronounced that the limb had not been broken as I had almost begun to apprehend, but that it had sustained an injury which had only not terminated in that serious manner by reason of the quantity of clothing with which, as had been stated to him, it had been covered. He correctly described the nature and situation of the pain I experienced, and then issued his directions for certain embrocations to be made and applied. My servant was next submitted to his inspection.—He bound his arm, which was exceedingly sore, passed his fingers rapidly over it—pronounced that it was dislocated, and then without violence, but also without hesitation twisted the disunited parts into their proper places. The next morning the boy was perfectly well, and the application to my own arm proved so far beneficial that, at the end of three days, I was in a condition to resume my journey. It was with some reluctance that I tore myself from such excellent quarters, but the snow was fast departing, and I dreaded any change in my mode of travelling.

On the fourth morning, the ponies, who had all this time been luxuriating in oats and rest, were brought to the door, looking as saucy in their harness as though they meditated some new mischief. They pricked their ears—champed their bits, and pawed the little snow there was, beneath their feet, as though they were impatient to repeat the scenes in which they had been such conspicuous actors only a few days before. For the first twelve miles of the road, most of which was over ice, they went at a pace that required all the strength and address I could, in my convalescent state, muster, to prevent from turning into another runaway. However, as the day advanced, and the sun acquired power, the roads almost destitute of snow, became so extremely heavy, that every mile subsequently passed, became one of severe drift; and here was the excellent metal of this peculiar race of horses most fully tested. The sleigh was, as I have elsewhere remarked, heavily laden, and as the runners now dragged through the half mud—half snow—the strong draft powers of the horse were put forth, as though he had reserved all his energies for the occasion, while the mare on the contrary, although possessed of a spirit which would have prompted her to "die in harness" rather than yield, and who, on good roads, always led—now slackened in her traces, and allowed her companion full opportunity to put forth his remarkable strength.

That evening, however, notwithstanding the execrable state of the roads, we reached Cornwall, forty-one miles from the Coteau du Lac, where, in compliance with a previous invitation, I took up my temporary abode with an old brother officer, who had served with me in the King's Regiment. The gay soldier was now transformed into the sober judge, but this did not prevent him, as we lingered over our wine each day, when the ladies had retired, from recurring to past scenes, when our mutual wild oats had not yet been sown; and we particularly dwelt upon a circumstance that had occurred at the reduction of the second battalion of the regiment which made some noise in England at the time—namely, the burning and burial, with funeral rites, of our colors—an act of insubordination which brought down upon us the expressed displeasure of the Duke of York, who was then Commander-in-Chief.

In emphasizing the word "expressed," I mean it to be understood that, although the Commander-in-Chief was, in vindication of the offended discipline of the service, compelled to issue a general order, condemnatory of the act, there is every reason to disbelieve that he impugned the spirit which had actuated us. In no other way can we account for the fact, that notwithstanding we were all very young men (the whole have seen active service, however), and that there were numerous second battalions reduced at the same time, whose officers were incessantly besieging the Horse Guards, a very great number of us were restored to full pay within a few months from our reduction. My friend Jarvis, who was then, like myself, a junior Lieutenant, and who had been one of the most active in the praiseworthy destruction of the colors which had been rendered sacred to us from recollections of past triumphs obtained under their folds, and which we vowed should never be sullied by a touch from other hands than those which had unfurled them before the enemy—I repeat, my friend Jarvis, although a ringleader, if I may so term it, in the affair, was appointed to full pay in the 104th Regiment within five months and Sir Henry Torrens, then Military Secretary, procured my appointment to his own regiment (the Queen's), serving in the West Indies, within less than six from the period of reduction of the King's. Nay more, Captain Simmonds, who was the officer who read prayers over the ashes of the colors, buried in the barrack square at Portsmouth, was also within a short period reappointed to the 61st Regiment, from which he had originally joined us. These appointments, with numerous others that took place from disbanded corps about the same time, could scarcely be said to indicate any serious displeasure at our conduct on the part of His Royal Highness, although a sense of public duty called upon him to censure the insubordination.

As may be presumed, we did not, while destroying the colors, fail to reserve what would later form a gratifying remembrance of the past. The moment they were brought from the commanding officer's

(TO BE CONTINUED.)